

CRUEL DELIGHTS - 33 XXX DOLLS DOMINATED AND DEFILED

HUSTLER'S

TABOO

JANUARY 2013

**CHAIR-TIED TEASE
AWAITS HER FATE**

**"WHAT WILL HE
DO TO ME NEXT?"**

**DRENCHED
WENCH**

**TIT-TORTURED ANAL SLAVE
SUCKS MASTER'S
STREAMS**

**CRUEL
GIRL
GAMES**

**MEAN
MISTRESS'S
AGONY
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**HOGTIED
HOTTIE'S DARE**
"HURT MY HOLES AND
I'LL DO ANYTHING!"

FOUNTAIN TREAT
BIDET BOUND BITCH
SPILLS FOR THRILLS

**WHIPPED
WITCH'S
PAINFUL
PENANCE**

JANUARY 2013 \$11.99



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TABOO Editorial

STRICTLY SPEAKING

Ernest Greene, Executive Editor

Looking ahead at the new year, the safest assumption to make about kink-sex is that there will be more of it. The astronomical sales of the preposterous mommy-porn trilogy *Fifty Shades of Grey*, and the likely release of an equally bad movie version in the coming year, certainly bespeaks a broadening interest in BDSM among the general public. That the books are now available prepackaged with handcuffs and nipple clamps suggests some tipping point from fantasy to reality has been reached.

Our friends in the BDSM gear trade are reporting exceptionally brisk sales, many to new customers. The proliferation of kink-oriented networking sites and blogs on the Internet is undeniable. Mainstream punditry from *Salon.com* to Dr. Drew have begun to view us all with alarm, always a favorable sign. The popularity of kinky smut, we're happy to report, has never been greater.

Another prediction we make less cheerfully is, pardon the expression, a growing backlash against BDSM across the spectrum from the radical feminist left to the religiously literalist right. In the U.K. recently a feminist group sponsored a mass burning of *Fifty Shades* to protest what it regarded as a glamorization of domestic violence. A few unfortunate accidents among inexperienced players or criminal acts by predators posing as consensual enthusiasts would surely stoke that bonfire. It would therefore be unwise to confuse visibility with approval.

And as the sphere of those who identify as kinky expands, the definition of what makes them so grows more ambiguous. No safe assumptions can be made regarding the religions, politics, ethical standards or common definitions of what has grown to be such a vast and diverse group. There are deep and bitter factional divisions among kinksters that go far beyond specific sexual preferences, with many community organizations and informal social groups experiencing meltdowns over both ideas and behavior when it comes to hot-button issues like the definition of consent.

So here's our one safe guess: It's going to be an exciting and tempestuous year of greater visibility than we've ever known, and whatever our misgivings, you can bet TABOO will be out there on the front lines of controversy, bringing you the, as it were, blow-by-blow while this new era fights its way out of the closet.

WRITE!

TABOO Magazine

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KIMBERLY
HARD
HITCH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LIGHTWORSHIP

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The horizontal rope suspension is agonizing. Even though my weight is expertly distributed between the hemp loops, every inch of my naked frame is stretched. But I know I'm beautiful, even though I can't see and I'm leaking spittle around my ball-gag. I can hear the approving murmurs of the crowd when I point my feet just right, even though it makes everything hurt more.

My world in this dark, secret theater is the platform and the chair. The thick skeins around my neck hold my head very straight just like the ropes hold my panties up over my exposed pussy. Sucking on the slippery glass prod focuses my concentration. I'd rather not swallow it. Sat up, I pull the panties open even further. I'm here to be seen. They can see me come, fucking myself with that gleaming shaft, if they want. With one hand free I can show them just how I like being fucked.

When I'm flipped over, head down, tail up, the clear shaft giving them a nice view of my interior, all they have to do is take it out and look or feel for themselves, which a fair number do. I'm destined for worse on the chair anyway. Bound to it in a squat, silenced by a mouthful of rope, I'm wide open and completely immobile, unresisting to whatever they might do. Some will hurt me. Some will do worse. It will be a long performance, but I will endure it, because I can.





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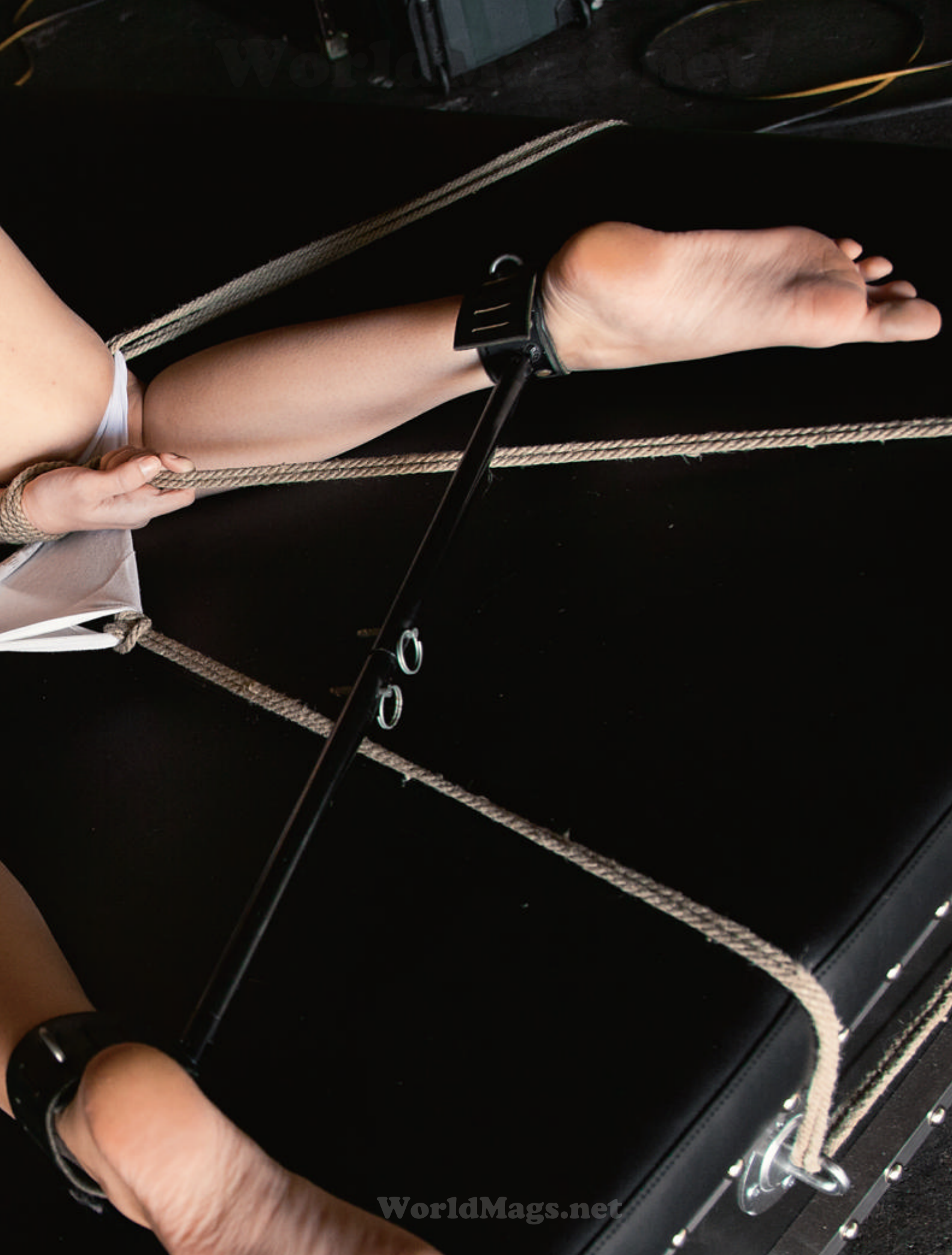


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FETISH FIREWORKS

PHOTOS BY GERRY KOEHLER

The kinkster crews who put on L.A.'s legendary fetish balls really outdid themselves to celebrate the nation's independence with a grand gala at downtown's multilevel Belasco Theater. Pervy princesses Masuimi Max and Emily Marilyn presided over festivities including no fewer than three fashion shows (Abigail Greydanus, Black Lickorish Latex, Puimond), three bands, eight bars and four dance floors. There were dungeon-builder Downtown Willy's well-equipped play areas for BDSM enthusiasts, vendor booths, boot-blackening stations, go-go dancers, roving performances and a guest list including a veritable Who's Who of area perveratti, all spread out over 38,000 square feet of pure hedonism. The SRO crowd really turned out in its most fabulous finery for this one. Kudos to all involved for one of the biggest, boldest bashes of the year.



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TABOO READERS RANT AND RAVE



It's your soapbox—please keep those letters coming!



PROXY ROCKS

I really love TABOO. Bondage is the thing I like and your pictures of lovely ladies restrained are suitable for framing. I particularly liked your December 2012 feature *Proxy and Alex—Standard for Service*. Pretty Proxy showed her submission, taking her big stud in the ass with her pussy clipped wide open and then offering her face for his hot piss. Just fantastic! Can't wait for the next issue.

—Jeffery H., Vanceburg, Kentucky



EXPLORES A VACUUM

Got my latest TABOO today and read it cover to cover in one afternoon. You did a great job as always. Just wondering if you could help me out with something I'm looking for. In your November 2012 feature *Emily and Odette—Inflated Expectations* you showed the beautiful Emily using a handheld vacuum pump to enlarge Odette's nipples and cunt lips. I've looked all over for this device to use on my girl, who's fascinated by the idea. Can you help me out?

—George R., Jarrettsville, Maryland

Happy to oblige, Master G. The item you seek can be had from our friends at: JT's Stockroom, 2807 W. Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90026, 1-800-755-TOYS, www.stockroom.com. Happy pumping!

CATTY COMMENTARY

Are you insane? Your August 2012 Fetish Focus, *Catsuit Fever*, left out the key icon of the '60s—the well-stacked Yvonne Craig, who played Batgirl on the original *Batman* TV series. The sight of her conical breasts entering the scene (about a minute before the rest of her) in her purple spandex catsuit showing her in all her glory puts other cat babes to shame. Further, she usually ended up in bondage, even though this was on network TV so long ago. What were you thinking?

—Anonymous, New York,
New York

Interestingly, the catsuit is one piece of fetish attire that went mainstream long before Madonna bought her first corset. The catsuit enabled Hollywood to appropriate a touch of kinky cachet without making too direct of an association to perversions not ready for prime time. Our most sincere apologies for the shameful omission of the shapely Ms. Craig, but the list was pretty formidable, including catwomen Lee Meriwether, Eartha Kitt and Michelle Pfeiffer, Honor Blackman, and Angelina Jolie. Each zips up fabulously and deserves the esteem in which you hold Yvonne Craig. And yes, we are insane, but didn't consider that well-known fact newsworthy.



FETISH Focus

TABOO'S **KINK DU JOUR**

GLORIOUS SPECTACLES

Men don't make passes at girls who wear glasses? Whoever coined that adage was probably a member of The Flat Earth Society. Though it may not be a large niche in the vast array of fetish fascinations, there's a definite affinity for four-eyed babes among some kinksters that borders on obsession. There are whole XXX video lines like *Specs Appeal* devoted to bespectacled babes doing the dirty and Web sites devoted to the celebration of myopia like *Bookworm Bitches*. When glasses-wearing dolls show up in TABOO pictorials, we find ourselves donning our own lenses to read through all the celebratory reader mail. The appetite for sexy images of girls in glasses may be somewhat rarified, but what it lacks in numbers, it makes up for in passion.

In Japan, where every kink has its own art form, adult *anime* featuring sexy specs even have their own category: *meganekko-moe*.

As with any fetish, the origins of sexual desire cathected around gals with glasses remain mysterious, but lack of reliable scientific evidence has never stopped us from, as it were, speculating about such things before, so, once again we attempt to comprehend a fetishistic fascination.

Context appears an important element in this particular twist, which is also sometimes categorized as the "librarian fetish." The appeal seems strongest when the glasses are worn by an otherwise-conservatively dressed woman who might be either an authority figure or an innocent in need of sexual awakening. A serious de-



meanor, whether that of a stern disciplinarian or simply a serious-minded young woman too busy reading Kierkegaard to be distracted by an orgasm or two, seems to go with "the look." As costume, glasses often appear on either the stern disciplinarian or the wayward pupil in classic spanking scenarios.

Extrapolating from this admittedly thin associative reasoning, the obsession with sexy specs (and some types are definitely sexier than others, as we'll find out) appears to contain an element of repression to be overcome. Just as the shy film heroine who has chosen to toss caution to the wind takes off her glasses and lets down her hair before embracing the hero, specs seem to broadcast a message of shyness or unavailability. They protect the face from errant kissing and shield the eyes from a naked gaze. In some ways, they function as a facial chastity belt.

But in much the same way that a chastity belt seems to cry out for a key, glasses inspire fantasies of what might lie behind the seriousness they signal. Is the woman wearing them because she doesn't want to be viewed as an object of desire, or because she fears she might be, and might actually *want* to be. Like a white bridal dress, glasses suggest a kind of naivete so strongly as to inspire doubts about its sincerity.

In the fetishistic mind, modesty exists for no greater purpose than its own undoing, and the modest appearance of a pretty young thing hiding behind lenses inspires an impure yearning to defile that modesty. Two common and revealing features of porn pitched to this particular fascination are the practice of leaving the glasses on even when the wearer has abandoned all pretense of virtue and is otherwise naked, and the predictable finale in which the man to whom she has



surrendered that virtue pays tribute by splattering her windshields with splooge. Pure Freudians (which we're not any more than we're otherwise pure) might regard glasses, which are thin and delicate, as symbolic of a virgin's hymen. This would make their soiling with semen akin to the stomping of a wine glass at a Jewish wedding. Both suggest a liberation from enforced abstinence of whatever sort.

Part of the charm of this particular fetish is that, unlike some others focused on the defilement of virginity, it suggests a commonality of shyness between the partners, as the suitors of sex specs wearers often sport specs themselves. Overcoming that shyness, shedding a protective cocoon to free the exotic sexual butterfly within, may well figure into the heady brew that steams up the lenses.

As with many other stripes of fetishist, the glasses geek may have very specific tastes when it comes to what style of spectacles turn the crank fastest. In *meganekko-moe anime* the glasses tend to be big and round, accentuating the wide-eyed unworldliness of the pretty young thing wearing them. Narrow horn-rims of the type favored by deans of girls and the girls favored by deans of girls are more common in the West, where they can be interpreted as either severe or demure. When coupled with BDSM, they also add an additional component of helplessness, the wearer depending on them to predict her own misfortunes. The delicacy of the small frames suggests that, left on or removed during the act, they provide minimal protection and imply handicapping visual limitations.


Like most fetishes, spectacle sexuality generates a contrary trope in defiance of the usual interpretations. Just as there are "good girl glasses," there are also "bad girl glasses." The latter are often cat-eye shaped, decorated with rhinestones, veiled with tinted lenses and framed in shiny black or hot pink. Some even go the full Frederick's of Hollywood route, like the infamous heart-shaped shades worn by Sue Lyon in Stanley Kubrick's *Lolita*. If these spectacles telegraph a message, it most certainly isn't one of sexual reticence. They're obviously chosen and worn to get attention, and their design is unabashedly suggestive. As *über-fetish* artist John Willie once observed of high heels, "She's obviously not wearing them for practical reasons."

Whatever the particulars, spectacles—whether chaste or gaudy—are facial ornamentation, and it is the intense fascination with ornamented, exaggerated femininity that lies at the heart of all apparel fetishism, regardless of the anatomy on which it is displayed.



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ANGELINA

CAGED TREAT

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a black corset and black boots, is standing inside a large, black, wire-mesh cage. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The cage is suspended from the ceiling by a chain. In the background, there is a dark door and a wall-mounted speaker. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows.

The cage is so confining I can't sit or lie down while I wait on display. This is what I get for being a lazy fuck-pet. The anonymous dom doesn't look sympathetic, but I mean to please by showing him what I can take, starting with the tight, heavy nipple-squeezers. Wanting a good report this time, I don't complain, even when he twists and tugs them. I'm pleasantly surprised when he takes them off and puts me on all fours for a solid handspanking, which always gets me juicy.

He must like me that way, going to work on my squelching box with gloved fingers that know their way around a girl's body. Alternating his handiwork with the big vibrator, he has me singing like a canary much sooner than expected.

He's not satisfied with just one orgasm from me, however. The bumpy glass toy he uses next is a work of twisted genius. When he twists the handle on the base, it stirs my insides in the rudest way, every bulge tickling a different spot. Again, I give it up for him, but when I feel his probing finger in my little, pink rosebud, I know he's got at least one more trick. It's a curved glass rod shaped just right for my rear passage. He quickly discovers he can get me off that way, too. If this is punishment, I'll have to misbehave more often. Meanwhile, this bird knows a few tricks of her own to send him off singing her praises.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DONEGAN











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AMBROSIA

BITCH CRAFT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY X-LABS CHICAGO



Ambrosia practices her black magic in a dark den at the edge of town. She tells fortunes and casts spells in nothing but a black corset, the better to work her charms on the men who visit her. Today, she sees pain and pleasure in our future, enchanting me by biting her spectacular tits hard, rubbing her broomstick over her open, glistening cooze, even working the handle up her ass and moaning for more. Bewitched as usual, I have her hands hoisted overhead so I can harden her big nips with ice cubes before putting on the clothespins. Ambrosia doesn't even pretend not to enjoy it, rocking to the rhythm of the riding crop slapping her mams. She's still smiling and begging for more as I pound her backside with the hard, wooden paddle, begging only for the vibrator up her tailpipe once she's nicely warmed back there.

Out of her corset and yoked to the steel bar, Ambrosia finally begs to please after another round of hard lashes, but first she must be cleansed of her sins. Binding her with rough rope and standing her up, shivering, in a bucket, I sponge down her raw flesh, gripping her by the throat and lingering over her already-sopping snatch, until she's slick and shiny all over. She's levitated my cock to full height by the time I let her work her best tricks with her magical mouth.

Call me bewitched, but I'll be back next week for Ambrosia to do that voodoo that she does so well.













NATALIE PACKING SHED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

It's been a long, rough, hot ride in the car trunk for Natalie, sweating in the rubber dress. She asked for this fantasy, and now it's too real.

He strings her up by her handcuffs on the deserted loading dock of an abandoned factory in mid-nowhere. The nipple clamps hurt, and things could get worse if Natalie doesn't squat onto the fat dildo like he tells her. Jerking off as he watches, he wants to see her come on the thing, but she can't make it happen. Not even a hard spanking can convince her to try again, so he moves on to harsher measures, shackling her wrist-to-ankle, completely naked, in a torturous backbend. This time he uses the flogger and crop on her tits and belly, but to really make his point, he snaps the tip of the whip down hard on Natalie's clit repeatedly. It's a ripe shade of pink before she breaks down and begs for another chance. This time, sore as she is, Natalie wills herself wet and packs in the rubber until, to her great humiliation, she hears her own orgasmic howls echo through the desert.

Cuffed and spread, she knows what's next. She can see it bulging in his jeans. By the time he's done hammering her cunt, she'll be only too ready to roll over and spread her cheeks for him to stuff his rod in her rump. At least maybe he'll let her put her sore ass on the front seat when he finally takes her home.

















*"I Still Have One Hole
for You To Pack, Sir!"*

xxxxxx Natalie





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JANUARY 2013

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SUB SPACE

BY NINA HARTLEY

DEAR NINA,

I'm a professional woman and a fan of your work. I've been following your journey to erotic slavery for a few years, and find it both fascinating and inspiring. I've only just begun to seriously explore my submissive desires. As a feminist I have trouble reconciling my need to submit with my sense of myself as an independent person. If you feel that you are equals in smarts, strength, etc., how can you be comfortable letting someone take charge?

—**Conflicted Sub, Atlanta, Georgia**

Dear Conflicted:

Good question, and relevant to many women struggling to square their politics with their sexual orientations. I submit when a potential partner inspires me to. Qualities that make me want to present my ass for a whipping or my tongue for a spit-shine include a good sense of humor, confidence, intelligence and respect for my boundaries and for me as a person. It helps a lot if I also find him sexually attractive, since BDSM is about sex for me. Experience also counts. If he's good at something I want to experience, such as rope bondage or wax play, that's a definite plus.

For anything more serious than casual play, deeper emotional connection is required. I've been whipped, waxed,



TABOO'S Sub-Space is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.

spanked, suspended, tied, teased and tormented by many men who were able to keep my interest for an hour or two, but have only found one to whom I can offer

my submission happily every time. I feel drawn to submit to him, and call him Master, because dominance is the true expression of his sexuality, which I find very compelling and attractive.

We are equally smart and competent but in different areas of life, so there's no competition or ego clashes. He understands that it takes strength and self-awareness for me to embrace my own submissive identity as a strong-minded woman, just as it takes strength and self-awareness on his part to take the lead. I found a dominant partner who makes me feel as graceful and beautiful as Ginger Rogers, and the right partner for you will feel as nimble as Fred Astaire. Keep looking, and hold out for the man who makes your knees weak. You'll know he's right when he can support your career as firmly as he spansks your ass.

DEAR NINA,

My husband and I share a longstanding interest in D/s sex and have been talking about it openly for a while. We enjoy looking at HUSTLER'S TABOO for ideas, and I'd love to try a few of them! He recently started to take control in bed, which we both found very exciting. Nothing too much at first, just some hair-pulling and a few smacks on my butt, but it inspired some superhot sex.



Unfortunately, after a few promising starts, he's reverted to his old way of asking permission, asking if I want to turn over, etc. This totally kills the mood. It was my idea that he take control, and he clearly likes it when he does (which means I like it too), he's just inconsistent. I really want more D/s in the bedroom, but I'm not sure how to get it. I don't like topping from the bottom, which defeats the whole purpose, but I don't know how to get him to take the initiative. How can I inspire his inner Master without abandoning my inner slave?

—Craving Control, Aspen, Colorado

Dear Craving:

If your husband really is down for D/s play, and you say the evidence is there when you have sex in that context, you'll need to inspire him without undermining his self-confidence. I suspect that may be his problem if he's asking you for permission to do things he knows you like. Continue to talk about your mutual interests so you can develop specific ways of keeping you both in the "space" for D/s to happen. Decide what honorific you'll use when you're alone. "Sir" is a classic, but you can choose any title that makes you both hot. Establish personally meaningful rituals, such as stripping and kneeling to be collared before you play, to signal your receptivity. There are many ways to "ask" for what you want without using words. Come up with your own special rituals and protocols for easing into the right mind-set. For instance, I always prepare the room before we play, laying out things we'll need (whips, nipple clamps, butt plugs, etc.) as a form of service to him. I even put on my own restraints once I'm naked, which I know my Master enjoys watching me do. These signals invite his inner dom to emerge without demanding he perform on cue. Devise ways of offering yourself, such as assuming certain positions for certain activities, that give him the choice of accepting the offer or taking things in a different direction. It takes a bit of practice to learn a new way of doing things, but it's also very romantic and reinforces your bond as a couple.

Negotiate how to let him know you want it rougher or more controlling once you're having sex in a way that won't break your mood or his. "Oh, Sir, please hold me down!" can remind him that you're not fragile while encouraging him to be his bad self. Better you should be asking him than the other way around, but asking is not the same as insisting, and if you don't get the response you want, don't push for it. There'll be other occasions.

Asking permission before coming is a clear way to demonstrate your willingness to cede control, and the rush of power it gives him will reinforce his certainty that he's giving you what you want. The more he sees your excitement at his taking control, the easier it will be for him to let go of his social conditioning about how men are supposed to treat the women they love and the more sure of himself in this new role he'll become. Nothing says love like gagging on your husband's cock until drool runs down your chin and then begging him to fuck you. You're likely to inspire his dominant tendencies that way, resulting in you getting what you want and him enjoying giving it to you. It's a win-win situation.



PRIME PEE PIX POURED BY THE PAGE

URINATION NATION

Featuring **CHRISTINA**

It's pissing punishment time for Christina. She's not supposed to perform any bodily function without permission, but she answered the call of nature instead of her Mistress's orders, and now she pays the price in liquid gold. Stripped and chained over a bidet, she's thoroughly hydrated from both ends. Periodically, a dildo on a long tube drops down from above and she has to suck water from it for dear life, on pain of a good lashing, until her bladder is ready to burst. Then she must sit on the fixture and hold it in with warm floods gushing up her gash until she gets the go-ahead. At last, she's hoisted back up and made to whizz standing for the amusement of any onlookers. It will be a long time before her next unauthorized leak.







BREAKING POINT

Fiction by ERNEST GREENE • Photography by KEN MARCUS

Melody takes pride in her service. That's the problem. Holly has never had a better slave and knows she never will. Every time Melody worships Holly's body, even if it's just to suckle on a nipple, she invests it with such passion it feels more like religious worship than sex worship, which is the only kind Holly wants.

Just the way Melody smiles up at her while kneeling in a tight harness of red rope that squeezes Melody's tits so hard they bulge reminds Holly not to give in too easily. Melody isn't going to be Holly's personal cunt-lapper if she doesn't have to work for it.

So today, in the dungeon, Holly warns Melody that she will be worked hard in every sense, and Melody's enthusiastic acquiescence won't spare her a moment of it, starting with the shoes. Much as Melody loves the way she looks in any kind of bondage ballet shoes, these are a trial. They hardly exist, just punishingly high heels and hard, tight toe-boxes. The ankle straps that hold them on force Melody's feet into a brutal arch that wants to cramp instantaneously, but Melody does her best to stand up in them while Holly wheels the stool into place between Melody's thighs. The suspension bar helps Melody support her weight, but looking at the big, red dildo strapped to the center of the stool, Melody doesn't expect to be more comfortable when she finally gets to sit her naked ass down again. Sometimes Holly dresses Melody up for some kind of kinky frolic, but today Melody is freshly shaved and naked but for her collar. No part of her is to be obstructed from any kind of attention the leather-armored domina cares to give it.

With Melody precariously balanced en pointe, Holly raises the shaft holding the fat, rubber tool and guides the head toward Melody's wet, pouty slit, all the more so for having been prepared with a lengthy suction-cupping to get her all swollen. Under any circumstances, Melody is not a girl whose arousal is easily concealed. This may be an uncomfortable situation in the making, but the unpredictability of it makes her wetter than usual.

Holly wants Melody to feel like the helpless fuck doll she is while carefully lowering her onto the impaling phallus.

It's long and thick, stretching Melody's insides relent-

lessly while her weight settles in on top of it. The head pushes up against her cervix, which feels kind of good, but only because it's just pressing. Holly reminds her that being dropped onto the red stake wouldn't be so pleasant.

Grabbing Melody's tit-harness, Holly orders her to fuck herself. Melody has strong, athletic legs, but this is a serious workout. Each time she rises, she has to lift herself with the bar and balance on the torturous shoes, lowering herself just fast enough to get some good friction without pounding herself at the end of the stroke. A couple of times she loses her balance and drops until her ass cheeks hit the stool, letting out a yelp at the impact inside. Nevertheless, knowing how easily Melody comes from penetration, Holly makes her do it until Melody begs for permission. By then, she's sweating heavily, chest heaving, feet in agony, but when Holly reminds Melody of what a generous Mistress she has by letting her get off, Melody jams herself down deliberately, body rigid from head to toe, and lets out a wail of release. Sex will be the instrument Holly uses to break her slave to utter surrender.

Having Melody sit still on the rubber spike, Holly makes her giggle nervously by licking her conveniently presented ass. Holly isn't a prissy domina who hesitates to do something dirty that might amuse her, even at the risk of amusing her slave briefly in the process. Holly's probing tongue tickling the backside of the still-panting, still-stuffed Melody is followed by the rude intrusion of a lubricating tube greasing Melody's ass-guts. Melody has confessed under interrogation that if she had to choose being fucked in only one hole, it would be her anus, and Holly uses that information against her ruthlessly.

The steel hook is large, hard and cold, but shaped perfectly to snare a girl's asshole. Melody gasps and shudders, feeling its frigid tip against her puckered rosebud, but wills herself to relax. It's going in one way or another. Holly is slow but relentless in guiding the tubular steel upward, parting Melody's sphincters until Melody's tailbone rests in the crook. Shafted and stuffed fore and aft, Melody can't move a muscle without churning up her own plumbing, but it's hard to sit still with both her holes packed. Try though she might to be still, Melody keeps shifting and twitching while Holly concentrates on tying the hook into place with a few more loops of red rope around the redhead's slender middle.



Holly takes her time, weaving the cord holding the plug into the tit-cinch so that a tug simultaneously raises the hook into Melody's bowels and makes her nipples bulge.

Holly demonstrates the effectiveness of this arrangement by brutally pinching Melody's nipples and lifting her off the vaginal shaft. Undoing the ankle straps and tossing the pointe shoes away, Holly leads her by the tits, walking Melody away from the stool and making her kneel on the floor. Walking with the hook intruding in her ass is challenging, but being back on her knees, which Melody considers her natural position, isn't much more comfortable. Holly has ingeniously rigged the ropes so that no matter what posture Melody assumes, the hook remains solidly in place.

Gripping Melody by the hair, she makes the kneeling girl meet her steely gaze. Melody actually looks scared and pitiful for once. Good. She's getting the idea. Holly reminds her that slavery is not a vacation from reality. It's hard service, and if it's for Holly, it will be exacted without mercy.

Then, unexpectedly, Holly orders Melody to stick out her tongue. With surprising, languid sensuality, Holly touches it with her own, kissing Melody like a lover for the first time. Melody almost forgets the tension on the hook until she eagerly accepts Holly's offer to let Melody suck on Mistress's tits. Melody comes forward so avidly, the hook makes its presence felt with a vengeance, but Melody goes at Holly's proffered nips passionately, all the more for the discomfort it causes her. She knows by now that Holly likes seeing her suffer to please and will make her suffer until she does. Eager lips go at Holly's tit flesh until it stiffens between them. Melody likes reminding Mistress of how talented she is when it comes to giving oral pleasure. As with most slaves, it's a skill at which she excels and in which she takes pride.

But instead of being given a pussy to lick, Melody gets a strap-on to suck. Today, it's all about holes and the things that can be put in them. Holly warns her to get the dildo good and wet because it's going in someplace tight and hot where there's already competition from another penetrating object.

Melody understands the importance of this order. Even though she's sopping inside, she still takes the strap-on to the back of her throat repeatedly, choking up the thick saliva gagging always produces. The slimier she can get the next thing Holly will ram her with, the better. It's dripping with her spit by the time Holly finally pops it out of Melody's mouth and strolls around behind her.

Usually Melody can't get enough of Holly's fucking. Holly wields a cock as well as any man born with one, and Melody slides back onto it in swooning delight; only this time there will be no swooning because Holly has a grasp on the steel hook by which she controls Melody's movements. Pulling and pushing Melody back and forth on the rubber cock in long, agonizingly prolonged strokes, she double-fucks the girl in slow motion, using the harness to guide Melody's every response.

It's torment by denial. The unbearable sensation of total fullness and the gradual, relentless grinding of Holly's hips as she repeatedly sinks the artificial dick in to the hilt over and over keeps Melody on the edge for what seems like days of pure anguish. Having promised herself she wouldn't be reduced to it, Melody hears herself begging and whining for permission to climax, which Holly resolutely withholds. Relief can only be had at a price. Hauling Melody's head back by her red tresses, Holly offers her the orgasm she needs so urgently in return for doing something Melody has previously found impossible.

The bucket. Oh God. Melody fears no whip as she does the



bucket. She understands that a slave is allowed no modesty or privacy. She willingly admits that her Mistress has every right to watch her pee if Mistress finds the sight arousing or amusing. This has nothing to do with the desire to please, which Melody has in abundance.

She's just hopelessly pee-shy and has been her whole life. She can only get her bladder to let down when she's alone in a bathroom with the door shut. Otherwise, she can squat and strain all day and not a drop will emerge from her urethra. Holly has given up on punishing her for something that appears to be beyond either of their control.

But Holly is an experienced slave-breaker who knows that sometimes rewards will get compliance more effectively than any punishment, no matter how severe. Having made Melody drink a whole bottle of water before they started, then kept her orifices completely filled at all times, she's certain

of the chain of events to come.

In return for a promise to do her utmost to obey, Melody finally gets permission for the long-delayed orgasm, brought on by relentless strap-on hammering coupled with a light but insistent traction on the hook. Though she has little ability to move, Melody manages to shiver and spasm and howl with impressive intensity. As Holly expects, it's an extra-strong one, brought on by prolonged physical stimulation mixed with anticipatory dread. Not giving her time to think about it, Holly pops out of Melody's cunt and snags the bucket. Lifting Melody to her feet by a handful of ponytail, Holly puts the bucket between Melody's spread, shaking legs and points at it wordlessly. No words are needed.

Chest heaving, face flushed, inhibitions stripped away by powerful sensations, Melody's resistance crumbles. Whatever kept her from doing it before

now vanquished by more powerful forces, the yellow stream begins as a trickle from between Melody's still-puffy labia and quickly turns into a strong, steady stream that spatters noisily into the bucket's steel bottom.

Melody is humiliated, relieved, and secretly proud of herself all at once as she looks at the surprising quantity of yellow liquid sloshing in the pail. She actually did it. If her Mistress told her to lick it all back up now, she'd comply without an instant's hesitation. The last thing Melody had held back has been given up. There's nothing more to refuse.

Holly finds the spectacle itself almost as arousing as knowing that she made it happen. She'll need satisfaction of her own soon, but not before rewarding her slave's devotion with at least one more will-weakening indulgence.

Let's see now, where is that saddle vibe?





DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

My partner and I had rough anal sex a couple of weeks ago and we both really enjoyed it. However, I'm now a little concerned that there may have been some damage done in there. When we were in the missionary position my buttocks were pulled up off the bed and my ankles were on his shoulders, allowing for maximum penetration on his part. He thrust deep into me and I felt him "hit" something, quite hard. He felt it too. It was more uncomfortable than painful. I've had lots of anal sex, but I've never, ever felt that sensation before. Is it possible for the penis to hit the tailbone during rough anal sex? Is there any possible injury up there?

—**Rough Roadblock**

Dear Rough:

The position you describe, what I call "Flying Missionary," can allow for very deep penetration. Depending on the exact position of your body (especially if your hips are tipped forward), it can make the curve of your rectum more pronounced. Remember, the rectum is not a straight tube like the vagina. After the first few inches, it curves toward the front of the body, then away from the body, then back toward the front. In certain positions, the rectum's curves become less pronounced (it's "straighter"), and in others, the curves are more exaggerated. I suspect

ANAL ADVISOR

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO



Welcome to my column, *Anal Advisor*. I'm Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. In addition to being a writer and editor, I teach sex workshops all over the world. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, PuckerUp.com, and my reality porn series for Vivid called *Chemistry*.

that your partner's penis hit the back of the rectum at one of the turning points. He probably didn't knock your tailbone,

but rather the rectal wall with your tailbone behind it. As long as the pain went away as soon as you stopped, and you have no other symptoms, there's probably no harm done. Next time, try some different positions that give him more room inside you.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

My girlfriend and I have been talking about having anal sex, which I've never done before. I have an uncircumcised cock, and I am wondering how that affects the experience. Are there specific things I need to know about cleanliness? Am I at greater risk for an infection if we do it without a condom because I'm uncut?

—**Frisky With Foreskin**

Dear Frisky:

Whether your penis is circumcised or not, after it's been in someone's ass it's always a good idea to wash it off, since it can come in contact with rectal bacteria and trace amounts of fecal matter. As you probably know, being the owner of an uncircumcised cock, the foreskin is an ideal place for bacteria to "hide" and thrive, so a thorough cleansing post-sex is important. It's also wise to pee, if you can. This flushes out the urethra and can help prevent a urinary tract infection. You have no greater risk of sexually transmitted infections unless there are sores or tears



World

in the foreskin. But if you're going to have any sex without condoms, I recommend you and your girlfriend first get tested for sexually transmitted infections.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

Can you recommend any toys or preparation for anal fisting? It's something I've long wanted to try. I have large-ish toys and have gotten up to four fingers inside, but not beyond. Any tips to help me and my partner make fisting possible?

—Ready for the Fist

Dear Ready:

The transition from four fingers to the entire hand is one of the most difficult to navigate in anal fisting. That's where most people get "stuck." You're up against the widest part of your hand, and it's often the place where mental and emotional roadblocks can kick in. I like to do lots of warmup with a fisting bottom and work up to a wide butt plug with a thick neck. A wide neck is important because even though the rectum may have expanded a lot, you still have to contend with the tight, constricting ring of the sphincter muscles. The bottom should practice relaxing the sphincters with some deep breathing, but a toy with a wide neck will also help to keep them open. I like the *A-Bomb* butt plug from Tantus. It's one of the largest silicone plugs on the market and works well as a prelude to fisting. As with any kind of anal play, take your time and use plenty of lube. Don't stress if you can't get a hand all the way in on the first few tries. I also recommend exploring a variety of body positions. Sometimes we can take things more easily lying on our sides, or on our knees with our hips up and our shoulders down. Try changing the angle at which the hand goes into the butt. Adjusting ever so slightly can make a big difference.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I've always loved anal sex and I understand that sometimes it may take awhile for my bowel movements to return to normal after an enthusiastic round of it. My husband and I recently had a marathon session with lots of deep thrusting, and, since then, I've had a lot of gas (which I expect) and my bowel movements have been loose. Things usually settle down after a week or so, but it's been three weeks and I'm still "disturbed" in there. I know I could see my family doctor, but she's quite conservative and may not be open to discussing this sort of thing. Should I be concerned?

—Get Me Back to Normal

Dear Normal:

After lots of anal sex, your bowel movements can change for a few days, but three weeks is a very long time. Although your symptoms began after your "anal marathon," I suspect there's something else going on with your gastrointestinal tract. I recommend you do talk to a healthcare provider. I know it can be embarrassing, but telling your whole story ultimately helps them to figure out what's going on. If you're not comfortable with your family doctor, perhaps you could get a referral to a gastroenterologist. Either way, a trip to the doc and some tests are in order.


Photos from

Tristan Taormino's *Advanced Guide to Anal Sex*
Courtesy of Vivid Pictures



PENNY AND ERIC OBEDIENCE UNLIMITED

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ



Eric's foot is heavy on the chain dangling from the massive ring through Penny's septum, holding her bowed on her knees. Terror and gratitude spur Penny's eagerness to suck his cock and lick his ass, but these are mere reminders of what she's good for. Gazing up at him pitifully, clothespins and mousetraps in her open hands, she whimpers as he methodically decorates her tits, the vicious traps for her nipples, of course. She can't imagine how much more he can take from her. Then he applies the clothespins to the lips of her cunt, spacing them closely to pinch as much girl flesh as possible. Opening her own ass as she sucks his cock, she knows now what's coming. Anally impaled, spread open in the front like an exotic flower, his hands holding back the clothespins, Penny begs to ease her condition the only way she can, by coming.

Her relief comes at a price, as Eric warns with his foot on her face. Tied down flat, she's to be used in even more humiliating ways, first with another good reaming, followed by a trip to the outdoor pool with her tits bound tight. Opening wide and looking him straight in the eye, she takes the full contents of his bulging bladder down her gulping throat. It seems the most natural thing in the world, and when he follows it by unloading his seed on her upturned face, she understands fully. This is her new life, and she's fully prepared for it.



















Game Girl

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEE FORBES















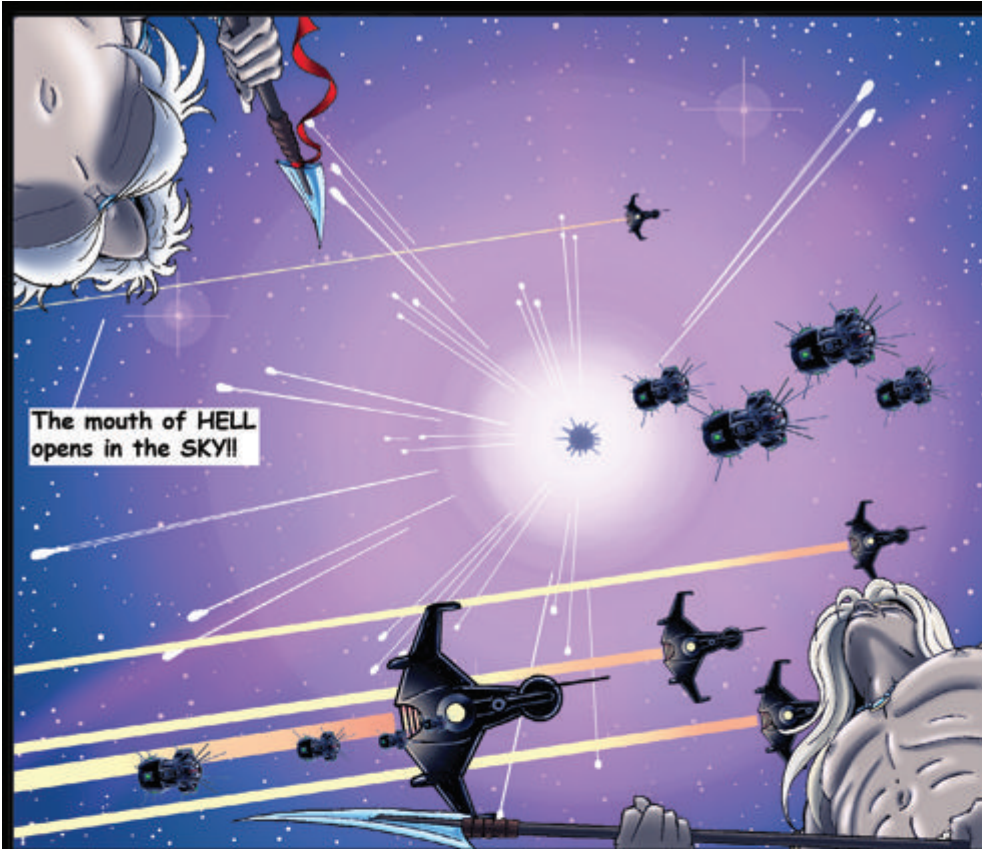
I hate game room duty. I guess it's better for the bored doms to take out their frustrations on the pinball machine I'm chained to than on me. Except for the new mistress. Tall, dark and cruel, she rings the bells inside my little, blond doll-head. Sidling over in my shiny shackles, I nudge the machine till it tilts. Crazy, I know, but it works. She spanks me right, like I

thought she would, and those suction cups make my titties ache. I do the cute, whimpering thing, and she's stuffing my snatch with her wiggling, jiggling battery toy in a flash. Tongue-fucking her rectum and sucking her clit, I show her a better time than any amusement in the arcade. When it comes to fast, hard play, I'm the hottest game in town.





ROBERTS

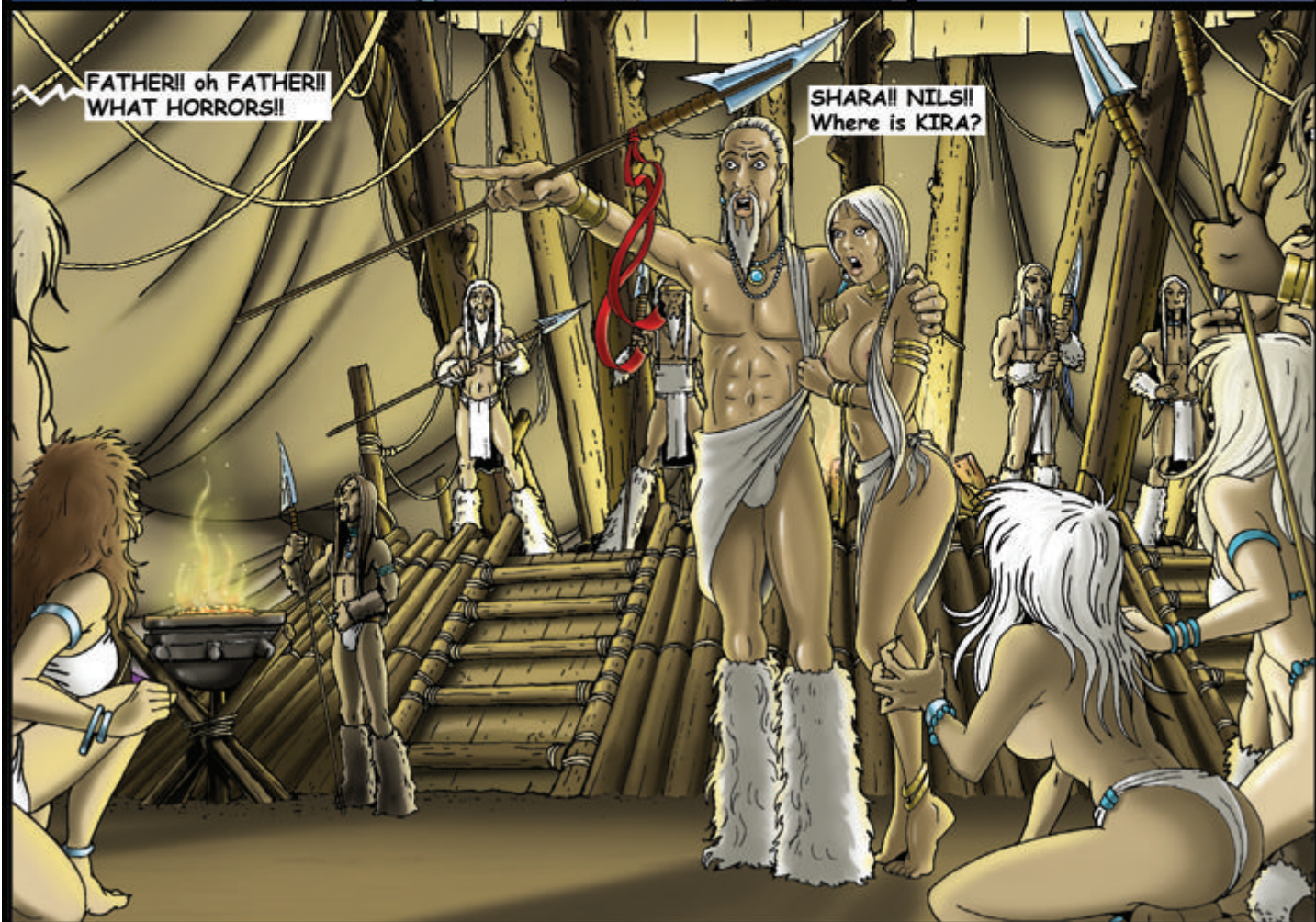


The mouth of HELL
opens in the SKY!!



HURRY NILS!! We must
join my father to defend
the tribe against them!!

YES! I'm WITH you!!



FATHER!! oh FATHER!!
WHAT HORRORS!!

SHARA!! NILS!!
Where is KIRA?

Great Father! I am SORRY!
We have not seen KIRA.

She went with some of the
young girls Father, down to
the shore..just to swim..

What has HAPPENED Father?
WHY are these DEMONS in
our SKY? How can this BE??

They have all been TAKEN
then, by these flying black
DEVILS! Now they've come
HERE, to our VILLAGE!!

For US!!

NO!!

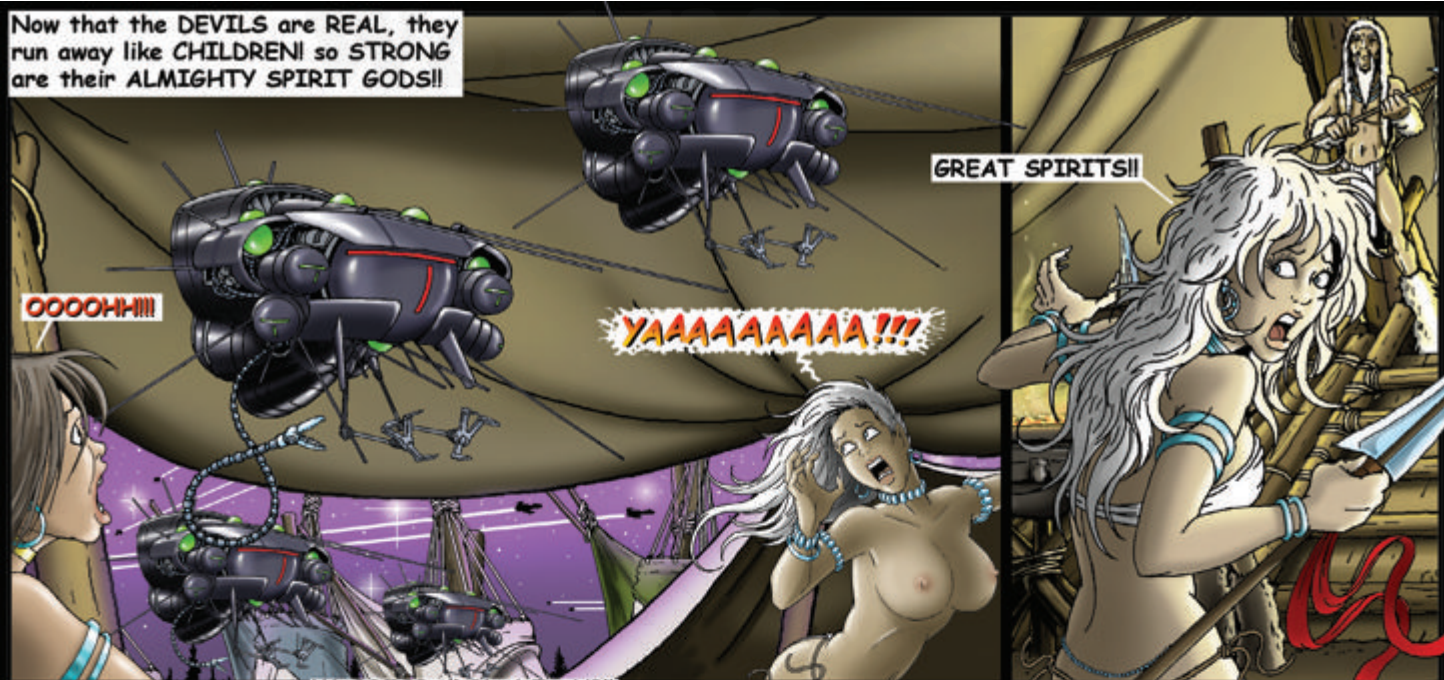
Prepare for WAR!
We FIGHT THEM!!

YES GREAT
FATHER!!

WHERE are the SHAMEN? Is
there no MAGIC against them?

All run away in terror into the
jungle my Sharal Cowards allll

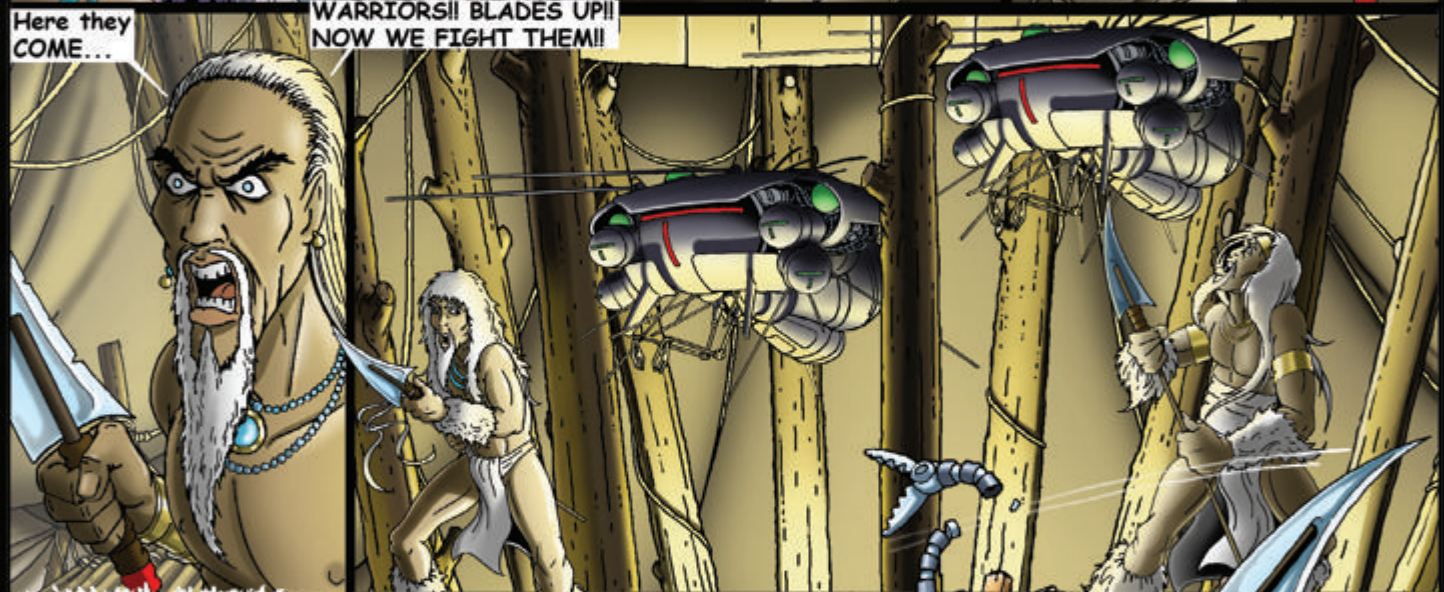
Now that the DEVILS are REAL, they run away like CHILDREN! so STRONG are their ALMIGHTY SPIRIT GODS!!



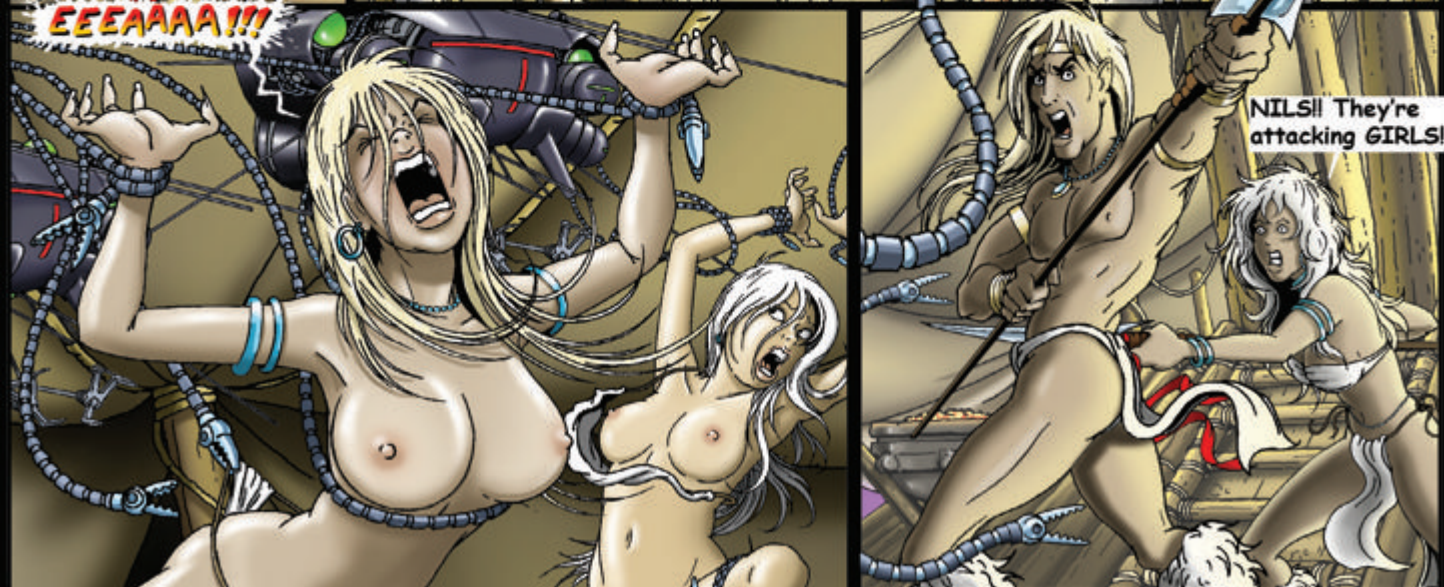
GREAT SPIRITS!!

Here they come...

WARRIORS!! BLADES UP!! NOW WE FIGHT THEM!!



EEEEAAAAA!!!



NILS!! They're attacking GIRLS!

COMING NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER'S TABOO

Some girls are just born to submit, and when a lucky slave trader finds one, he calls his best client quick. Jay is that kind of girl, and the prospective customer makes her prove it, stripping off her virginal white dress and mauling her mercilessly, to which she responds with languid surrender. She welcomes the collar and leash, and even the rawhide chew toy between her teeth. The mousetraps on her tits make her moan. Roped to the bench, her secretions leave the ball toy dripping, and the rubber cock makes her come over and over. This one's a keeper, and roped to go, she's carried off to her new life of agonizing ecstasy.

Nina should have known better than to travel alone in a strange country. Now she's naked in a dark warehouse where girls are broken for secret harems. Squatting naked, her wrists and neck locked in a steel yoke is bad enough, even without the crushing nipple clamps chained to heavy rocks so she can't rise an inch without pain. But the massive dildos stuffed in every hole as she crouches in the pillory box is beyond humiliating. The final application of rows of clothespins along her tender flanks and around her generous tits, then yanked off with agonizing slowness reduces her to abject surrender. She'll be the eager fuck-toy of anyone who buys her out of this hellhole.

But wait, there's more. Ever wonder what a beautiful contortionist can do in extreme bondage? Need to know more about the ins and outs of anal sex? Have an urgent question about D/s relationships? Curious about the secrets of America's most perverted? Whatever your kinky inclinations, you'll find something to satisfy them in our next issue.



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ON SALE DECEMBER 25, 2012